THE YOGI

A MAGAZINE OF FERMENT

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WARNING

WARNING

When within this square appears an "X", drawn in blue pencil, it means that your subscription to THE YOGI has expired, and the blue indicates our deep depression of spirit at taking leave of you.

EDITORAL NOTES

By Sydney Flower

FAIRYLAND. Feeling a need upon me for Southern skies after a year of the desert I have taken residence or sanctuary rather, with my friend Haviland H. Lund, manager of the El Reposo Sanatorium at Sierra Madre, California. Sierra Madre is an hours' run on an electric car from Los Angeles. The altitude is about fifteen hundred feet above sea-level, and the scenery, of

course, marvelous. I am not going to try to paint it for you. You are to imagine broadly a gently sloping hillside, facing south, rising at the back to a range of hills of rugged steepness, their sides clothed with verdure. You are to imagine this hillside set about with orange and lemon groves, the fruit still yellow on the trees while the scent of the new blossoms is heavy in the air. You are to picture about two dozen bungalows of the open-air type planted in rows thirty feet apart, in the center of this estate, which covers roughly a hundred acres of ground. Below the bungalows is the Sanatorium building itself, large and complete in its equipment, with its resident physician and staff of trained nurses, its aseptic arrangements, model kitchen, etc., including a complete bacteriological laboratory. All just as it should be. Eucalyptus and pepper trees surround the building. Above the bungalows, up the hillside, is the Nurses' Home, and near it, the cow corral and barn.

And now we come to the point. You know, I have always been perfectly daffy on the subject of a milk diet. There are five cows at this place, Jersey blood, and I am consuming a steady six quarts a day of the very finest kind of milk, and going up in weight at the rate of ten pounds a week thereon. I have no quarrel with anybody when I am on a milk diet. Even United States District Attorney Platt could not offend me.
I am to be allowed to demonstrate the value of

the Croton Oil treatment which I told you about in the October number of the YOGI, in combination with Fletcherism, Deep Breathing and the Milk Diet, on one or two patients here who wish to make trial of it. They are tuberculous cases, and should respond bravely. We have no Uric Acid cases here at the present time, unfortunately, or I might prove the miracle on them also.

The bungalows themselves are the joy of my life. If you have that passion for AIR which is common to every devotee of Deep Breathing you will see why. Let us look at the single bungalows first, such as this I am now writing in. It is a frame building of one thickness of pine boards, gable-roofed and finished above with a heavy waterproof roofing. It is fitted up inside with electric lights, hot and cold running water, shower-bath, etc., and a box-stove for chilly mornings or evenings. Only three feet of the sides are boarded; the remaining eight feet are of canvas fitted to frames like window-frames, and when these canvas windows, which are hung from the top, are opened on all four sides, the bungalow has something of the look of a huge mushroom. Now, if you'll understand that every side is completely screened with wire screens against insects, you will see that this is the most complete type of house ever conceived of for comfort, convenience, hygiene and economy. This kind of house costs next to nothing to build, and will last a life-time. My bungalow stands open on all four sides day and night and

the last thing I am conscious of is the sweet jasmine-smell of the orange blossom, and the first thing my eyes rest on in the morning is the deep green of the foliage of the lemon grove above me on the hillside. Did you ever lie on your side in bed and look out through a wire-screen at an orange-tree, listening to the singing birds. Oh, bully! Windows of glass would quite spoil the idea. The wire is no hindrance to the thought or the view or the scent or the sound.

I think you had better come out here for your vacations, and bring your families. The bungalow life here is cheaper than house-keeping in the east, and the double-bungalows are adapted to family use, having a cook stove for use if needed. The sanitary precautions are perfect, and you need have no dread at all of catching tuberculosis from the patients who are here for treatment.

You can have the most up-to-date treatment, if you want it, in the form of serum-therapy, vaccine or tuberculin, or you can merely board at the Sanatorium, live in a bungalow and revel in the scenery.

Dr. George Washburne, a well-known and respected physician of Elgin, Illinois, is relinquishing a large Sanitarium practice there to come here and take a part ownership interest in El Reposo, and he will be here about the time you get this number of the YOGI.

I wish to experiment upon you with Croton Oil, Milk, Figs and Watercress, and I shall take twenty years off your present age, whatever it may be. However, should my zeal be likely to prove your undoing, Dr. Washburne will be at hand to succor you.
But remember that the prizes of life come to those who greatly dare. Therefore be of good cheer and come, for this is the Promised Land and I am the Showman (or the Moses) to introduce you to the Milk and Honey.

THE NEW MAGAZINE—Beginning with the JULY number we shall drop the name of The YOGI which has supported us through divers rare adventures from last July to the present, and shall begin the publication of a new monthly periodical of larger size and wider sweep, to be called LITTLE FARMS. It will be devoted chiefly to telling the easterner in search of a home and profit something of the wonders accomplished in Southern California by the man of limited means who settled here a few years ago on a small plot of ten acres. There is a good field for a publication telling this story in suitable words and with the right regard to Truth. I feel that no one can put the points of the game before you with any more clearness than I can, and I'm going to do it therefore. There is a need, I think, for a publication that is just as fearless in denouncing a rotten scheme in land-selling as in mining-stocks, and some of you will

remember that my old paper, The Goldfield Gossip, did good work in this latter respect in the Fall of 1906. The cry of "Back to the Land" is a clarion call, and many ears are open to it and will be for some years yet.

We shall give you in each number of LITTLE FARMS the same kind of thing you have been getting out of The YOGI, namely, the monthly Classic giving the Best Thoughts of some of the great ones of the earth, and the usual editorial talk on philosophy and things. It will be about the same thing to you as The YOGI, but with the important addition of the Land-business included.

The June YOGI will complete our second volume so that the change of size of page in LITTLE FARMS will not bother your Volumes if you are binding them.

The price of LITTLE FARMS will be the same as The YOGI, namely, 5c a copy, 50c a year, in the United States, Canada, England and her Colonies everywhere; 75c in Foreign Countries; and you can have three subscriptions for $1 or one subscription for three years for $1 as you will. The dollar bill being the unit of mail-order currency many of you will prefer this offer to the inglorious security of a postal order for 50c. Your pleasure is ours.

BOOSTING THE GAME—You know I hate to ask you for monetary support in anything of a

venture where I play it alone, but I know that LITTLE FARMS will be a success from the first number, and I don't see how I can possibly do without your help. If you are not in a position to take three subscriptions yourself for self and friends, there is something you CAN do, and it will help materially. I want you to make out a list of people who would be interested in just that kind of a magazine, one devoted to the growing of fruits, apples, oranges and citrus fruits generally and all that sort of thing—you understand, and send me that list. Coming from every section of the country these lists will form a good base for the spread of the first number of LITTLE FARMS throughout this and other countries. You would be surprised if I told you how far the little YOGI sheds its ray. I will send to each name on these lists the first number of LITTLE FARMS, and unless I greatly mistake, the subscriptions will follow as certainly as night follows day.

I suppose I am the only man in the world who knows beforehand that he can start a magazine without a dollar of cash capital and make it a self-supporting thing within three months of its first issue. Having done it twice I'm going to do it once more, and stop. So help me please, will you, with those lists.

THE SWAMI—We have been very fortunate at El Reposo in having a distinguished Oriental scholar here for a brief rest on a three-years' trip

around the world. I was too late an arrival, and he returns to India too soon now, to permit me to get as much of his society as I wanted, but he is coming back again, and we shall make LITTLE FARMS the mouthpiece of his philosophy. There are some points of difference about him as compared with other teachers who have come to us from the East, which are worth thinking over. One is that he has no message to deliver to the American people at this time, and refuses to be known as a Teacher. Another is that he is a man of practical mind, engaged in executing certain self-imposed commissions, looking to the improvement of conditions in his own country, through scientific agriculture, industrial training schools and the higher education.

You will agree with me that, being a practical people ourselves, we lend more ready attention to a man of affairs than to a dreamer, however high the dreamer's message or lofty his philosophy.

Another thing is that while visiting the best German and American universities he proved himself to be a rare Sanskrit scholar and won the regard of the eastern professors by his proficiency in that very difficult branch of learning.

Another thing is that he is a delightfully simple man, friendly and unaffected, but nevertheless by no means transparent or easy to read. He has a quaint humor which he exercises upon one of

the men about El Reposo something in this fashion:

The Swami (desiring that some navel oranges be brought him)—Ah, good morning, Mr. ——, you are busy? You have always a great many things to do, no doubt?

The Man:—Oh, I can find plenty to do 'round a place like this.

The Swami:—To employ well the hands is the same as to employ well the mind also. Yes. Is htat a ladder there in the field? What do you do with the ladder?

The Man:—That's for gathering the fruit from a high tree.

The Swami:—But it seems to me, Mr. ——, that you do a great many things. For I have seen you mending the stoves; and the cows, and the horse also, look to you for care; do you also gather the fruit in season?

The Man:—Why, I help get the fruit for the house, that's all.

The Swami:—Shall we go down to the field where the ladder is? I would see, if I may, how you pluck the fruit from the high boughs by means of the ladder. It is the best fruit that grows there, is it not?

They descend to the field, the Swami listening

blandly, in his artless way, while the man, discoursing with authority as one who knows the privilege of helping the heathen, gathers the fruit from the ladder and carries a supply to the

Swami's bungalow. Result,—everybody pleased. I carried this paragraph to the Swami, and gave it into the hands of a lady who is his devoted interpreter, with a request that she add to it something in this way of comment. Following is her comment:

"But this is not all. This is a good enough story as it stands, but there is a moral to it. We told the tale among ourselves with considerable glee; but we noticed that the Swami did not look wholly pleased. At last he burst forth:

'But hear me. There is something you do not understand. I have a reason why you should know this story. It is not just the few oranges. Those I could gather myself. Many an orange have I gathered. But observe how this man was pleased. He is an ignorant man, but he can do things. It pleased him to have a little appreciation. He is like a little dog when you pat him and say 'Good Doggie.' He wags his tail and shakes his body, and will leap over your head if he can, so great is his joy. It is when an ignorant man thinks he has something to teach another man—especially if that other man is his superior. Then he swells and expands and feels noble from his head to his feet.

'So is the temptation to be a teacher. In this country you have many teachers. Every man who knows a little bit goes out and lectures about it, and is called Professor, and is pleased and glad. He does not know for whom he is picking oranges. But the really wise man is not so deceived. He does not call himself a teacher. He does not get intoxicated on that poisonous honey. He knows what he is doing, and picks the oranges and gives them to others. He knows he did not grow those oranges; that he did not even make that power in his arm which enables him to pick them. He is silent and unassuming, because he knows and is not to be fooled. I would not believe any man to be wise who told to me that he was a teacher; and who began at once on knowing me to teach me. But if he is wise, he induces me to teach him—to give up my oranges. If I am wise also, I understand him. I look at him, unify myself with him, and we are silent.'

As we listened we all felt rather small. For we recognized at once that we had all been attempting the role of teacher, at various times, even toward the Swami; and that we did not know how to be silent and wise."

Thus the devoted interpreter. Perhaps this is the right attitude of mind to hold towards these matters. But I am unable to hold it. Readers of The YOGI may be more fortunate.

SPIRITUALISM—The Swami does not wish to be quoted on the subject of Spiritualism, or what we mean when we say Spiritualism, namely a communicating with the spirits of the departed. Nor will he label his philosophy by any name. He is not Theosophist or Buddhist or Christian. He speaks of himself as an interpreter merely of the sacred truths found in the Vedas. Recently he has been taken up with our Walt Whitman, and says the poet could not have written Leaves of Grass unless he were conscious of the Oneness of Life, and himself a Master.

This is all very well for these advanced ones, but you and I, good reader, are content, I think, with one step at a time. Let us first examine some of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and though the whole philosophy of Spiritualism should prove to be but a phase of the Truth, yet it is a long step forward, even though it be but a step. Let us be sure of the step ere we go forward. With regard to the phenomena reported by Sir William Crookes, I think no man ever had such an opportunity as was afforded him, to be content with so poor a use of it. Compare, if you please, the bald fragments which we shall give you in these pages taken from his book Researches in Spiritualism, with the full and reasoned data in that admirable book of the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, one time American Ambassador at Rome, called The Debatable Land. No one can read Mr. Owen's book without admitting the care and

reasonableness of the author in his presentation of his facts. Mr. Owen gives premise, evidence, and deductions in their proper order, and his honesty is as patent as his good fortune. For I count any man fortunate who can say, "I am convinced by the repeated evidence of my own senses that these things are true." Few can say it. I recommend that you get Mr. Owen's book from the Library and read what he has to say therein. The time will not be wasted. We either take our religion on trust, or we do not take it at all. The latter chiefly.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT—Some of the letters I received from you in reply to my statement in the February Yogi regarding the unwisdom of Christianity made excellent reading. You spoke of "Blasphemy." It is an effective word in its sound, but lacks sense.. Doubtless a few hundred years ago you would have shown what you would have believed to be a commendable activity in piling the fagots about the infidel, and starting a merry blaze in proof of your holy zeal. But surely we have advanced a little since those days when an old woman was ripe for burning as a witch because she was not very happy and perhaps muttered to herself. Spare me your invectives and reproaches. They kindle in me a mirth that is bitter in the mouth, and I do not like to feel that way. You were especially enraged because I said that it would have been better for the world if Jesus Christ had never

lived. The man Christ has always seemed to me to be a sweet lovable character, but I look back at the pages of history and see them smeared with blood because of the teachings of this same Christ. It does not palliate this horror to know that he himself taught love and peace. Bigoted and ambitious men seized upon his teaching and perverted it to their own ends. Naturally. It was the nature of man so to do. And the only reason it is not done today to the same degree, is that the example of Science has leavened the dough of blind belief in the revealed religions of the world and has said "Hands Off Our Work!" You don't imagine that the Church or State would ever have brought about this time of free thought, do you? I look back at the history of the colonization of outlying territories and find always in their order, first the Missionary, and next, Blood. First the Cross and then the Sword. First the hilt and then the blade. It has never varied. I will qualify my opinion regarding Jesus thus far as to say that Man might have been as bad if Jesus had never lived, but could not possibly have been worse without Jesus than with him. If there is any comfort in that, take it to your hearts.

THE MONTHLY CLASSIC

(Compiled by the Editor of the Yogi)

THE HEART OF JEFFERSON

Thomas Jefferson. Born, 1743. Died, 1826.

Man has been subjected by his Creator to the moral law of which his feelings, or conscience, as it is sometimes called, are the evidence with which his Creator has furnished him.

I sincerely believe in the general existence of a moral instinct. I think it the brightest gem with which the human character is studded, and the want of it as more degrading than the most hideous of the bodily deformities.

I never did, or countenanced, in public life a single act inconsistent with the strictest good faith; having never believed there was one code of morality for a public and another for a private man.

Egoism in a broader sense has been thus presented as the source of moral action. It has been said that we feed the hungry, clothe the naked, bind up the wounds of the man beaten by thieves, pour oil and wine into them, set him on our own beast and bring him to the inn, because we receive ourselves pleasure from these acts. So Helvetius, one of the best men on earth, and the most ingenious advocate of this principle, after defining "interest" to mean not merely that

which is pecuniary but whatever may procure us pleasure, or withdraw us from pain, says "The humane man is he to whom the sight of misfortune is insupportable, and who, to rescue himself from this spectacle, is forced to succor the unfortunate object." This, indeed, is true. But it is one step short of the ultimate question. These good acts give us pleasure, but how happens it that they give us pleasure? Because nature hath implanted in our breasts a love of others, a sense of duty to them, a moral instinct, in short, which prompts us irresistibly to feel and to succor their distresses and protests against the language of Helvetius, to wit: "What other motive than self-interest could determine a man to generous actions? It is as impossible for him to love what is good for the sake of good, as to love evil for the sake of evil."

God has formed us moral agents. Not that in the perfection of His state He can feel pain or pleasure in anything we may do: He is far above our power—but that we may promote the happiness of those with whom He has placed us in society, but acting honestly towards all, benevolently to those who fall within our way, respecting sacredly their rights, bodily and mental, and cherishing especially their freedom of conscience, as we value our own.

In that branch of religion which regards the moralities of life, and the duties of a social being, which teaches us to love our neighbors as

ourselves, and to do good to all men, I am sure that you and I do not differ.

It has been peculiarly unfortunate for us, personally, that the portion in the history of mankind, at which we were called to take a share in the direction of their affairs, was such an one as history has never before presented. At any other period, the even-handed justice we have observed towards all nations, the efforts we have made to merit their esteem by every act which candor or liberality could exercise, would have preserved our peace, and secured the unqualified confidence of all other nations in our faith and probity. But the hurricane which is now blasting the world physical and moral has prostrated all the mounds of reason as well as right. All those calculations which, at any other period, would have been deemed honorable, of the existence of a moral sense in man, individually, or associated, of the connection which the laws of nature have established between his duties and his interests, of a regard for honest fame and the esteem of our fellow-men, have been a matter of reproach on us, as evidences of imbecility. As if it could be a folly for an honest man to suppose that another could be honest also, when it is his interest to be so. And when is this state of things to end? The death of Bonaparte would, to be sure, remove the first and chiefest apostle of the desolation of men and morals, and might withdraw the scourge of the land. But what is to

restore order and safety on the ocean? The death of George III? Not at all. He is only stupid; and his ministers, however weak and profligate in morals, are ephemeral. But his nation is permanent, and it is that which is the tyrant of the ocean. The principle that force is right is become the principle of the nation itself. They would not permit an honest minister, were accident to bring such an one into power, to relax their system of lawless piracy.

We are firmly convinced, and we act on that conviction, that with nations, as with individuals, our interests, soundly calculated, will ever be found inseparable from our moral duties; and history bears witness to the fact that a just nation is taken on its word, when recourse is had to armaments to bridle others.

I place economy among the first and most important of republican virtues.

I am for a government rigorously frugal and simple, applying all the possible savings of the public revenue to the discharge of the national debt.

I may err in my measures, but never shall deflect from the intention to fortify the public liberty, by every possible means, and to put it out of the power of the few to riot on the labors of the many.

If the condition of man is to be progressively

ameliorated, as we fondly hope and believe, education is to be the chief instrument in effecting it.

I am not a friend to placing young men in populous cities, because they acquire there habits and partialities which do not contribute to the happiness of their after life.

The most effectual means of preventing the perversion of power into tyranny are to illuminate, as far as practicable, the minds of the people.

I look to the diffusion of light and education as the resource most to be relied on for ameliorating the condition, promoting the virtue, and advancing the happiness of man.

I have two great measures at heart, without which no republic can maintain itself in strength. 1. That of general education, to enable every man to judge for himself what will secure or endanger his freedom. 2. To divide every county into hundreds, of such size that all the children of each will be within reach of a central school in it.

The people have not given the magistrate the care of souls, because they could not. They could not, because no man has the right to abandon the care of his salvation to another.

Believing that religion is a matter which lies

solely between a man and his God, that he owes account to none other for his faith or his worship, that the legislative powers of government reach actions only, and not opinions, I contemplate with sovereign reverence that act of the whole American people which declared that their Legislature should "make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," thus building a wall of separation between Church and State.

The glow of one warm thought is to me worth more than money.

A Decalogue of Canons for Observation in Practical Life:

1. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We never repent having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.

10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.

Nothing is more incumbent on the old than to know when they should get out of the way and relinquish to younger successors the honors they can no longer earn, and the duties they can no longer perform.

A decline of health at the age of 76 was naturally to be expected, and is a warning of an event which cannot be distant, and whose approach I contemplate with little concern; for indeed, in no circumstance has nature been kinder to us than in the soft gradations by which she prepares us to part willingly with what we are not destined always to retain. First one faculty is withdrawn and then another—sight, hearing, memory, affection and friends—filched one by one, till we are left among strangers, the mere monuments of times, facts, and specimens of antiquity for the observation of the curious.

The pursuits of agriculture . . . are the best preservative of morals.

Commerce with all nations, alliance with none, should be our motto.

Honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none, I deem (one of the) essential principles of our government, and consequently (one) which ought to shape its administration.

(Of Aaron Burr.) I never thought him an

honest, frank-dealing man, but considered him as a crooked gun, or other perverted machine, whose aim or shot you could never be sure of. Still, while he possessed the confidence of the nation, I thought it my duty to respect in him their confidence, and to treat him as if he deserved it.

It is a cause of just uneasiness, when we see a legislature legislating for their own interests in opposition to those of the people.

It will be objected to our receiving Cuba, that no limit can then be drawn to our future acquisitions. Cuba can be defended by us without a navy, and this develops the principle which ought to limit our views. Nothing should ever be accepted which would require a navy to defend it.

Rights and powers can only belong to persons, not to things, not to mere matter, unendowed with will. The dead are not even things. The particles of matter which composed their bodies make part now of the bodies of other animals, vegetables, or minerals, of a thousand forms. To what, then, are attached the rights and powers they held while in the form of men? A generation may bind itself as long as its majority continues in life; when that has disappeared, another majority is in place, holds all the rights and powers their predecessors once held, and may change their laws and institutions to suit themselves.

The dead have no rights. They are nothing;

and nothing cannot own something. Where there is no substance, there can be no accident.

I think that every Christian sect gives a great handle to atheism by their general dogma that, without a revelation, there would not be sufficient proof of the being of a God. Now, one-sixth of mankind only are supposed to be Christians. The other five-sixths, then, who do not believe in the Jewish and Christian revelation, are without a knowledge of the existence of a God! This gives completely a "gain de cause" to the disciples of Ocellus, Timocus, Spinoza, Diderot, and d'Holbach. The argument which they rest on as triumphant and unanswerable is that in every hypothesis of cosmogony you must admit an eternal pre-existence of something; and according to the rule of sound philosophy, you are never to employ two principles to solve a difficulty when one will suffice. They say, then, that it is more simple to believe at once in the eternal pre-existence of the world, as it is now going on, and may go on by the principle of reproduction which we see and witness, than to believe in the eternal pre-existence of an ulterior Cause, or Creator of the world, a Being whom we see not, and know not, of whose form, substance and mode, or place of existence, or of action, no sense informs us, no power of the mind enables us to delineate or comprehend. On the contrary, I hold (without appeal to revelation) that when we take a view of the universe in all its parts, general or par-

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ticular, it is impossible for the human mind not to perceive and feel a conviction of design, consummate skill and indefinite power in every atom of its composition. The movements of the heavenly bodies, so exactly held in their course by the balance of centrifugal and centripetal forces; the structure of our earth itself, with its distribution of lands, waters and atmosphere; animal and vegetable bodies, examined in all their minutest particles; insects, mere atoms of life, yet as perfectly organized as man or mammoth; the mineral substances, their generation and uses: it is impossible, I say, for the human mind not to believe that there is, in all this, design, cause, and effect, up to an ultimate cause, a fabricator of all things from matter and motion, their preserver and regulator while permitted to exist in their present forms, and their regeneration into new and other forms. We see, too, evident proof of the necessity of a superintending power to maintain the universe in its course and order. Stars, well known, have disappeared, new ones have come into view; comets in their incalculable courses may run foul of suns and planets, and require renovation under other laws; certain races of animals are become extinct; and were there no restoring power, all existences might extinguish successively, one by one, until all should be reduced to a shapeless chaos. So irresistible are these evidences of an intelligent and powerful agent that of the infinite numbers of men who have existed through all time they have believed,

in the proportion of a million at least to a unit, in the hypothesis of an eternal pre-existence of a Creator, rather than in that of a self-existent universe. Surely this unanimous sentiment renders this more probable, than that of the few in the other hypothesis.

Democrats consider the people as the safest depository of power in the last resort; they cherish them, therefore, and wish to leave in them all the powers to the exercise of which they are competent.

We are never permitted to despair of the commonwealth.

It is the old practice of despots to use a part of the people to keep the rest in order.

The press is impotent when it abandons itself to falsehood.

No experiment can be more interesting than that we are now trying, and which we trust will end in establishing the fact, that man may be governed by reason and truth. Our first object should therefore be, to leave open to him all the avenues of truth. The most effectual hitherto found, is the freedom of the press. It is, therefore, the first shut up by those who fear the investigation of their actions.

The liberty of speaking and writing guards our other liberties.

The basis of our governments being the opinion of the people, the very first object should be to keep that right; and were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter.

Newspaper, that first of all human contrivances for generating war.

I am not among those who fear the people. They, and not the rich, are our dependence for continued freedom.

So, ask the traveled inhabitant of any nation in what country on earth would you rather live? Certainly, in my own, where are all my friends, my relations, and the earliest and sweetest affections and recollections of my life. Which would be your second choice? France.

No government can continue good but under the control of the people.

The execution of the laws is more important than the making of them.

Cherish the spirit of our people and keep alive their attention. Do not be too severe upon their errors, but reclaim them by enlightening them. If once they become inattentive to the public affairs you and I and Congress and assemblies, judges and governors shall all become wolves.

I not only write nothing on religion, but rarely permit myself to speak on it, and never but in a reasonable society.

If thinking men would have the courage to think for themselves, and to speak what they think, it would be found they do not differ in religious opinions as much as is supposed.

I am of a sect by myself, so far as I know.

One of our fair coloring biographers, who paints small men as very great, inquired of me lately, with real affection, too, whether he might consider as authentic the change in my religion much spoken of in some circles. Now, they supposed that they knew what had been my religion before, taking for it the word of their priests, whom I certainly never made the confidants of my creed. My answer was, "Say nothing of my religion. It is known to my God and myself alone. Its evidence before the world is to be sought in my life: if that has been HONEST and DUTIFUL to society, the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one."

The laws of nature have withheld from us the means of physical knowledge of the country of spirits, and revelation has, for reasons unknown to us, chosen to leave us in the dark as we were. When I was young I was fond of the speculations which seemed to promise some insight into that hidden country, but observing at length that they

left me in the same ignorance in which they had found me, I have for very many years ceased to read or to think concerning them, and have reposed my head on that pillow of ignorance which a benevolent Creator has made so soft for us, knowing how much we should be forced to use it. I have thought it better, by nourishing the good passions and controlling the bad, to merit an inheritance in a state of being of which I can know so little, and to trust for the future to Him who has been so good for the past.

SPIRITUALISM VIEWED BY THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE

By Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., Etc.

Some weeks ago the fact that I was engaged in investigating Spiritualism, so called, was announced in a contemporary; and in consequence of the many communications I have since received, I think it desirable to say a little concerning the investigation which I have commenced. Views or opinions I cannot be said to possess on a subject which I do not pretend to understand. I consider it the duty of scientific men who have learnt exact modes of working, to examine phenomena which attract the attention of the public, in order to confirm their genuineness, or to explain, if possible, the delusions of the honest and to expose the tricks of deceivers. But I think it a pity that any public announcement of a man's investigation should be made until he has shown himself willing to speak out.

A man may be a true scientific man, and yet agree with Professor De Morgan, when he says —"I have both seen and heard, in a manner which would make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me; but when it comes to what is the cause of these phenomena, I find I cannot adopt any explanation which has yet been

suggested. . . . The physical explanations which I have seen are easy, but miserably insufficient. The spiritual hypothesis is sufficient, but ponderously difficult."

Regarding the sufficiency of the explanation, I am not able to speak. That certain physical phenomena, such as the movement of material substances, and the production of sounds resembling electric discharges, occur under circumstances in which they cannot be explained by any physical law at present known, is a fact of which I am as certain as I am of the most elementary fact in chemistry. My whole scientific education has been one long lesson in exactness of observation, and I wish it to be distinctly understood that this firm conviction is the result of most careful investigation. But I cannot, at present, hazard even the most vague hypothesis as to the cause of the phenomena. Hitherto I have seen nothing to convince me of the truth of the "spiritual" theory. In such an inquiry the intellect demands that the spiritual proof must be absolutely incapable of being explained away; it must also be so strikingly and convincingly true that we cannot, dare not deny it.

Faraday says, "Before we proceed to consider any question involving physical principles, we should set out with clear ideas of the naturally possible and impossible." But this appears like reasoning in a circle: we are to investigate nothing till we know it to be possible, whilst we can-

not say what is impossible, outside pure mathematics, till we know everything.

In the present case I prefer to enter upon the enquiry with no preconceived notions whatever as to what can or cannot be, but with all my senses alert and ready to convey information to the brain; believing, as I do, that we have by no means exhausted all human knowledge or fathomed the depths of all the physical forces, and remembering that the great philosopher already quoted said, in reference to some speculations on the gravitating force, "Nothing is too wonderful to be true, if it be consistent with the laws of nature; and in such things as these, experiment is the best test of such consistency."

The modes of reasoning of scientific men appear to be generally misunderstood by spiritualists with whom I have conversed, and the reluctance of the trained scientific mind to investigate this subject is frequently ascribed to unworthy motives. I think, therefore, it will be of service if I here illustrate the modes of thought current amongst those who investigate science, and say what kind of experimental proof science has a right to demand before admitting a new department of knowledge into her ranks. We must not mix up the exact and the inexact. The supremacy or accuracy must be absolute.

The first requisite is to be sure of facts; then to ascertain conditions; next, laws. Accuracy

and knowledge of detail stand foremost amongst the great aims of modern scientific men. No observations are of much use to the student of science unless they are truthful and made under test conditions; and here I find the great mass of spiritualistic evidence to fail. In a subject which, perhaps, more than any other lends itself to trickery and deception, the precautions against fraud appear to have been, in most cases, totally insufficient, owing it would seem to an erroneous idea that to ask for such safeguards was to imply a suspicion of the honesty of some one present. We may use our own unaided senses, but when we ask for instrumental means to increase their sharpness, certainty, and trustworthiness under circumstances of excitement and difficulty, and when one's natural senses are liable to be thrown off their balance, offence is taken.

In the countless number of recorded observations I have read, there appear to be few instances of meetings held for the express purpose of getting the phenomena under test conditions, in the presence of persons properly qualified by scientific training to weigh and adjust the value of the evidence which might present itself. The only good series of test experiments I have met with were tried by the Count de Gasparin, and he, whilst admitting the genuineness of the phenomena, came to the conclusion that they were not due to supernatural agency.

The pseudo-scientific spiritualist professes to know everything: no calculations trouble his serenity, no hard experiments, no long, laborious readings; no weary attempts to make clear in words that which has rejoiced the heart and elevated the mind. He talks glibly of all sciences and arts, overwhelming the enquirer with terms like "electro-biologize," "psychologize," "animal magnetism," &c.—a mere play upon words, showing ignorance rather than understanding. Popular science such as this is little able to guide discovery rushing onwards to an unknown future; and the real workers of science must be extremely careful not to allow the reins to get into unfit and incompetent hands.

In investigations which so completely baffle the ordinary observer, the thorough scientific man has a great advantage. He has followed science from the beginning through a long line of learning, and he knows, therefore, in what direction it is leading; he knows that there are dangers on one side, uncertainties on another, and almost absolute certainty on a third: he sees to a certain extent in advance. But, where every step is towards the marvellous and unexpected, precautions and tests should be multiplied rather than diminished. Investigators must work; although their work may be very small in quantity if only compensation be made by its intrinsic excellence. But, even in this realm of marvels,—this wonder-land towards which scientific en-

quiry is sending out its pioneers,—can anything be more astonishing than the delicacy of the instrumental aids which the workers bring with them to supplement the observations of their natural senses?

The spiritualist tells of bodies weighing 50 or 100 lbs. being lifted up in the air without the intervention of any known force; but the scientific chemist is accustomed to use a balance which will render sensible a weight so small that it would take ten thousand of them to weigh one grain; he is therefore justified in asking that a power, professing to be guided by intelligence, which will toss a heavy body up to the ceiling, shall also cause his delicately-poised balance to move under test conditions.

The spiritualist tells of tapping sounds which are produced in different parts of a room when two or more persons sit quietly round a table. The scientific experimenter is entitled to ask that these taps shall be produced on the stretched membrane of his phonautograph.

The spiritualist tells of rooms and houses being shaken, even to injury, by superhuman power. The man of science merely asks for a pendulum to be set vibrating when it is in a glass case and supported on solid masonry.

The spiritualist tells of heavy articles of furniture moving from one room to another without

human agency. But the man of science has made instruments which will divide the inch into a million parts; and he is justified in doubting the accuracy of the former observations, if the same force is powerless to move the index of his instrument one poor degree.

The spiritualist tells of flowers with the fresh dew on them, of fruit, and living objects being carried through closed windows, and even solid brick-walls. The scientific investigator naturally asks that an additional weight (if it be only the 1000th part of a grain) be deposited on one pan of the balance when the case is locked. And the chemist asks for the 1000th of a grain of arsenic to be carried through the sides of a glass tube in which pure water is hermetically sealed.

The spiritualist tells of manifestations of power, which would be equivalent to many thousands of "foot-pounds," taking place without known agency. The man of science, believing firmly in the conservation of force, and that it is never produced without a corresponding exhaustion of something to replace it, asks for some such exhibitions of power to be manifested in his laboratory, where he can weigh, measure, and submit it to proper tests.

For these reasons and with these feelings I began an enquiry suggested to me by eminent men exercising great influence on the thought of the country. At first, like other men who thought

little of the matter and saw little, I believed that the whole affair was a superstition, or at least an unexplained trick. Even at this moment I meet with cases which I cannot prove to be anything else; and in some cases I am sure that it is a delusion of the senses.

I by no means promise to enter fully into this subject; it seems very difficult to obtain opportunities, and numerous failures certainly may dishearten any one. The persons in whose presence these phenomena take place are few in number, and opportunities for experimenting with previously arranged apparatus are rarer still. I should feel it to be a great satisfaction if I could bring out light in any direction, and I may safely say that I care not in what direction. With this end in view, I appeal to any of my readers who may possess a key to these strange phenomena, to further the progress of the truth by assisting me in my investigations. That the subject has to do with strange physiological conditions is clear, and these in a sense may be called "spiritual" when they produce certain results in our minds. At present the phenomena I have observed baffle explanation; so do the phenomena of thought, which are also spiritual, and which no philosopher has yet understood. No man, however, denies them.

The explanations given to me, both orally and in most of the books I have read, are sh uded

in such affected ponderosity of style, such an attempt at disguising poverty of ideas in grandiloquent language, that I feel it impossible, after driving off the frothy diluent, to discern a crystalline residue of meaning. I confess that the reasoning of some spiritualists would almost seem to justify Faraday's severe statement—that many dogs have the power of coming to much more logical conclusions. Their speculations utterly ignore all theories of force being only a form of molecular motion, and they speak of Force, Matter, and Spirit as three distinct entities, each capable of existing without the others; although they sometimes admit that they are mutually convertible.

These spiritualists are certainly not much in advance of an alchemical writer, who says—

"I asked Philosophy how I should
Have of her the thing I would.
She answered me when I was able
To make the water malliable,
Or else the way if I could finde,
To measure out a yard of winde;
Then shalt thou have thine own desire,
When thou canst weigh an ounce of Fire:
Unless that thou canst do these three
Content thyselfe, thou get'st not me."

It has been my wish to show that science is gradually making its followers the representatives of care and accuracy. It is a fine quality that of

uttering undeniable truth. Let, then, that position not be lowered, but let words suit facts with an accuracy equal to that with which the facts themselves can be ascertained; and in a subject encrusted with credulity and superstition, let it be shown that there is a class of facts to be found upon which reliance can be placed, so far, that we may be certain they will never change. In common affairs a mistake may have but a short life, but in the study of nature an imperfect observation may cause infinite trouble to thousands. The increased employment of scientific methods will promote exact observation and greater love of truth among enquirers, and will produce a race of observers who will drive the worthless residuum of spiritualism hence into the unknown limbo of magic and necromancy.

If spiritualists would but attend to the teachings of their own prophets, they would no longer have to complain of the hostile attitude of Science; for hear what Thomas L. Harris urges, in his "Lyric of a Golden Age!"

"The nearer to the practical men keep—
The less they deal in vague and abstract things
The less they deal in huge mysterious words—
The mightier is their power.

* * *

The simplest peasant who observes a truth,
And from a fact deduces principle,

Adds solid treasure to the public wealth.
The theorist, who dreams a rainbow dream,
And calls hypothesis philosophy,
At best is but a paper financier,
Who palms his specious promises for gold.
Facts are the basis of philosophy;
Philosophy the harmony of facts
Seen in their right relation."

(To be Continued)

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